

To Mrs. E. W. Blatchford  
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## REMARKS

—: OF: —

Rev. J. G. MERRILL,

—: AT THE: —

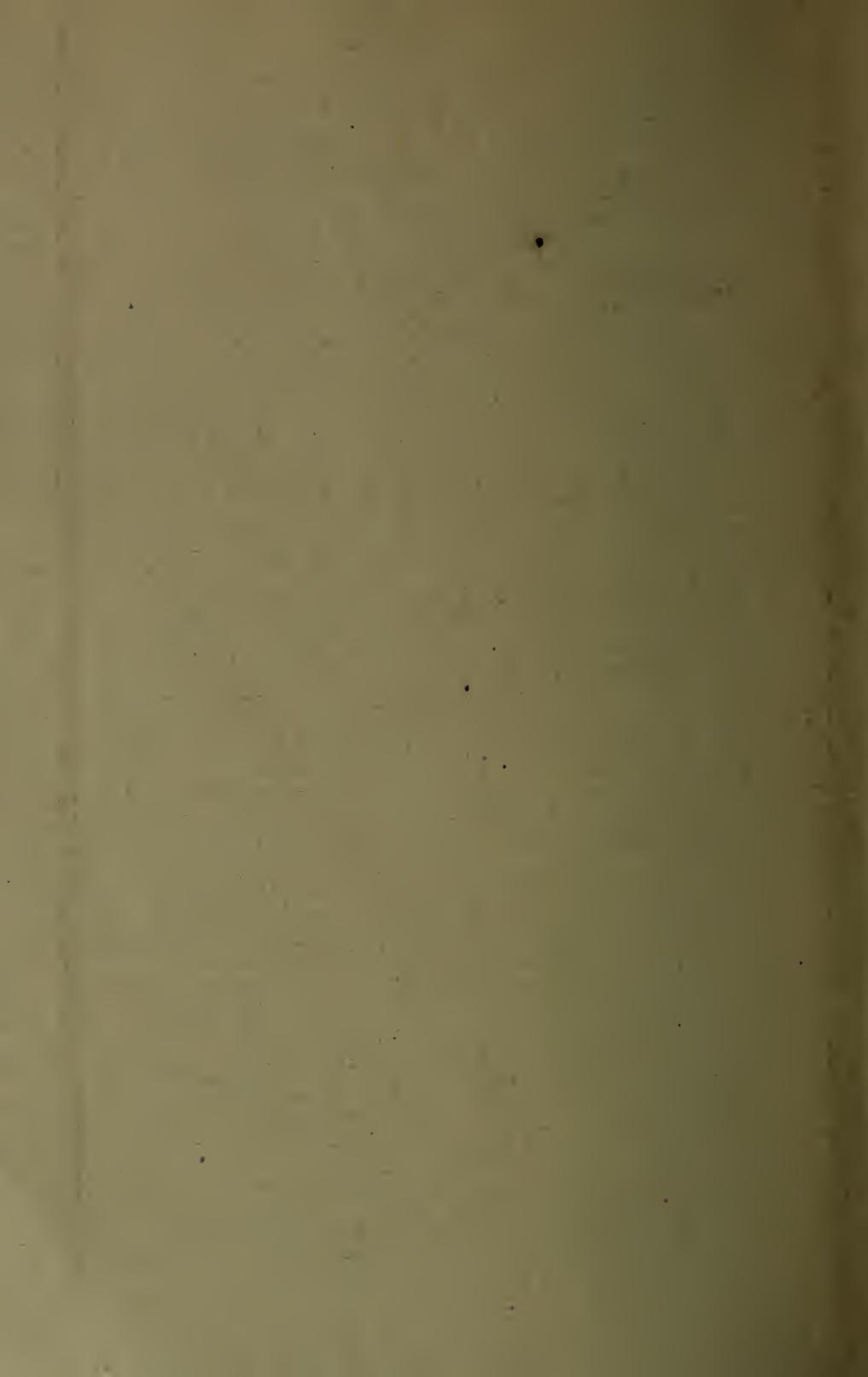
FUNERAL

—: OF: —

Mrs. CLARA HARRISON YOUNG,

—: ON: —

**FEBRUARY 5th, 1885.**



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The event, which we are here to note, was a profound surprise to most, if not all of us.

It was like the blotting out of the sun at high noon; the coming on of night at mid-day.

Little did we dream, that as we gathered about the table of our Lord on last Sunday, we should be summoned here again so soon on such an errand as this.

We are hardly in the frame of mind that will enable us to take a calm or correct view of this providence.

We take refuge in God. We say with the Psalmist: "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in Thee, yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be over past."

We fly to our religion, and from the heights which they afford, strive with tear-dimmed eyes to look up to Him, "who," we ever believe, "doeth all things well."

There is no need at such a time as this to remind ourselves of our loss. A devoted husband, proud of his wife, needs no one to tell him of the utter desolation, when she is snatched suddenly from his side. Motherless children know too well the deep sorrow, when the careful mother-hand is taken from them, and the loving mother-heart ceases to beat.

An aged father, who, by this death, is reminded of his only other equal sorrow, now in some sense twice widowed, feels, as no words can tell, the shadows deepening, the path more perplexing, the world's light going out.

Brothers and sisters, hitherto an unbroken band, for more than three decades, walking side by side, stand dismayed before long deferred and unusual grief.

The Church, which all these years has numbered among its loyal members her, who, in the prime of life is cut down, needs no one to ask, who will take her place as teacher in the Sunday School, as an officer in the Mission Circle, as leader of the young ladies in their pursuits after information concerning the coming of the King?

The large circle of acquaintances, which her marked social and intellectual gifts had commanded, needs no one to tell them that such a center of attraction cannot be replaced.

We surely need nothing said here to-day to remind us of our loss, as little do we need to summon sympathy, or assure those most afflicted of its presence.

The Church, which meets stately in this humble chapel, feels to the quick aught that touches the life of him, or of his, who has been all these years its pastor, loved as few pastors are loved.

Rarely are stronger ties to be found than those which bind our people to each of these afflicted ones, from the oldest to the dear little twins, who, next to their kin, belong to us all.

It would be an insult to our choicest emotions to assert, that which needs no assertion, our sympathy. But our coming together should have, and does have, a purpose. It is an hour of precious memories, an hour when it is fitting to mention some of the sweet, strong, beautiful elements that entered into the mortal life of her who is now asleep ; to call to notice a mind unusually gifted, inheriting endowments only too rare, enriched by acquirements gained by few, large, keen, active ; to remind ourselves of a might and determination, which through all these years waged a mighty conflict with disease, ministering to others, when most in like circumstances would have been constantly ministered unto ; to call to mind the rare executive ability, enabling its possessor to become an indispensable factor in every sphere she moved in ; to remember the surpassing social characteristics, which alike gave her power with her class of girls on Sunday, her room full of young ladies in the Mission

band, and the brilliant assemblage of the best life of her city ; to bear in mind the worth of that life which has entered into so many other lives, not merely in our own city and State, but through our nation, and in lands beyond the sea.

And yet with the poet Laureate in his grief, we would say :

“We leave her praises unexpressed,  
In verse that brings ourselves relief,  
And by the surcease of our grief  
We leave her greatness to be guessed.

“We care not, in these fading days,  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round her, with the breeze of song,  
To stir a little dust of praise.

“Her leaf has perished in the green,  
And while we breathe beneath the sun,  
The world, which credits what is done,  
Is cold to all that might have been.

“So here shall silence guard her frame,  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er her hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.”

But there is yet another lesson to be learned from this event.

It is the inexpressible comfort that is left, in view of the fact that sudden, unannounced, as was the hour of death, preparation for his coming had been made very long before.

That is a true philosophy of life, which very rarely in its career, takes cognizance of the fact that we are

born not for one world, but for two ; that sooner or later death is to cross our path, and no hour is too early to expect him, and be ready for his coming.

Oh, what would have been the agony, had those who are left behind to-day been forced to know that never had the change of worlds, and preparation for that change, been in the thoughts of her who had no conscious moment in the presence of death.

And it seems to me if she, in respect to her memory, as we meet to-day, could speak, her words would be : "Tell not my praises ; mourn not my loss ; but be ye ready, for ye know not the hour when death shall come."

And to-day, when friends are denied the comfort that is sometimes given, of parting words and hopes expressed, there is far richer solace in the memories of the Christian life that has extended over all these years.

And, standing before this casket, the most precious thoughts that come before us are not of mental or social worth, but the recollection of deeds of piety and Christian love.

This would be an hour of unalloyed grief—I could have no word of solace, did I not have the faith of those who knew her best, that long ago, and through all these years, she had implicit trust in Jesus Christ our Savior.

When life is strong and friends are many, when hopes are bright and fears are vanished, we may dream that our career is complete without faith in the Son of

God ; but somehow, somewhere, there is drawn a line, the approach to which makes the presence of the Savior of mankind an overwhelmingly important factor in our being.

There are none of us, in the record of whose life are not found errors, shortcomings and sins, which need to be erased before we pass to that world, where we must render an account for every word, deed and thought. There are none of us who fail to experience longings of soul, aspirations which the friendship, the fame of this world cannot satisfy. If our souls are true, these longings and hopes will be met by linking our life with the life of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

How craven is the spirit which defers, until the mortal hour, loyal love for Him who alone can save us in that hour.

How rational is that life which, by an early alliance with Jesus, learns to regard death but as the portal to glory, the messenger of Deity !

Another lesson let us learn from this event ; that none of us can bribe death ; that his ear is deaf to the mightiest arguments.

Who was more needed than the one whom we bury to-day ? What could stay the hand of death, if it be not the sight of a desolate husband and father, with his motherless children ? There are essential forces which enter into the lives of children, that no hand but a mother can summon. There are graces and virtues that a mother alone can teach. Surely death will stand appalled before such desolation. No ! he comes and with a sharp and sudden blow does his work.

Could she not have lived the stay and staff of him, who, as one after another of old time friends were called away, clings more closely to his own flesh and blood so mercifully spared to him? It could be but a few years at the longest. No! death must snatch away this comfort and help.

The Church to which our sister belonged is about to enter with great hope on a larger life; never did it more stand in need of all its true and tried to enable it to do its work. Could not her eyes have seen the new sanctuary in its beauty. Could not her hand have welcomed those who are to come to make it their home, could not her counsels have been given to win the largest future for her beloved Church? No! says inexorable death, "I shall take my own."

Can any one of us hope to plead successfully with death when he has been deaf to such entreaties as these? Should we not each of us here to-day hear the voice, "Be ye also ready, for ye know not the hour?"

Should we not all of us use to the utmost all the strength and time allotted us, for the hour draws nigh when no man can work?

But there is another, and the last thought which I would mention at this time.

It seems strange that I need say it here and now. And yet we all need over and over again to be reminded of the fact that to-day we stand in the presence not of defeat but victory; that when a Christian has died there is a conqueror and more than a conqueror, through Him, who has vanquished death.

So short sighted are we that we see the casket and fail to discern the crown. We are blinded with grief that blots out our hopes. We need look through the dull dark sky, that hangs over us, to the sunshine that is surely shining.

We are met in the sanctuary, which has been builded and dedicated in the firm faith that our souls do not die.

We have read from the book of books, words which assure us of a heaven and a happiness eternal. We have prayed to Him and shall continue to pray to Him who has said, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you."

We can in the spirit of these truths say:

"Rest, weary soul.

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,  
For all thy sins full satisfaction made,  
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,  
Rest, sweetly rest.

"Rest, weary heart,

From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,  
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;  
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest,  
Rest, sweetly rest.

"Rest, weary head,

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,  
Light from above has broken through its gloom;  
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,  
Rest, sweetly rest.

“Rest, spirit free,  
 In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,  
 Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;  
 Forever with our God and Savior blest,  
 Rest, sweetly rest.”

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THE FOLLOWING IS SUBSTANTIALLY A COMMUNICATION  
 WHICH APPEARED IN THE COLUMNS OF THE MISSOURI  
 REPUBLICAN OF SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1885.

The death of Mrs. Clara Harrison Young, which occurred last week, deserves more than a passing notice. She was the daughter of Rev. Truman M. and Frances A. Post. She was born at Jacksonville, Ill., June 19, 1846, but in 1847 her father removed to St. Louis, and was joined by his family in 1848, so that practically Mrs. Young's entire life and its associations belong to this city. She was the fifth of a family of six brothers and sisters, the other five surviving her. She received her education in the schools of this city, passed through a part of the course in the High School, and graduated with high honors from the Mary Institute.

In 1870 she was married to Mr. Daniel C. Young, who is well and widely known in the mercantile and social world. She became the mother of six children, three of whom died in early infancy and three survive.

Her death was sudden and unexpected, but peaceful, the ordinary routine of life moving on as usual, and its ordinary vocations and interests receiving their wonted attention until within a few hours of her death.

Mrs. Young at an early age made a profession of religion, and ever afterwards remained a faithful, active and earnest member of the First Congregational Church.

Her religion was not an incident or habiliment of her life, but an integral part of her character, so that when the summons came, sudden as it was, it found her perfectly ready.

Possessed of more than ordinary attractiveness of person, supplemented by peculiar graces of manner, unusual gifts of intellect, brilliant conversational powers, and rich and varied acquirements, she commanded admiration, while her warm and generous nature and self-sacrificing Christian character inspired affection.

She was a woman of more than one sphere. While a devoted and faithful wife and mother, allowing nothing to interfere between herself and her husband and children, she was equally true as a daughter and sister. She had the responsibility of a large household, and yet found time for an extensive circle of social, literary, charitable and religious interests, and in all she was prominent and active. She was by nature and attainments qualified to be one of the first among those with whom she was connected in all the different associations of her life; and in more than one relation it will seem to-day as if the keystone of the arch had been broken. She was always cheerful and hopeful, looking on the sunny side of things, not only as a matter of temperament, but of Christian principle.

It is impossible to paint character in a brief sketch like this, but these rude touches may serve as outlines which will suggest the likeness to the many loving hearts to whom she was so dear in her life-time, and to whom her memory is so precious. How much she was beloved, and how widely her influence had been felt, was touchingly illustrated by the multitude who assembled at the chapel on Delmar avenue to pay their last tribute of affection and sorrow.

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## RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. CLARA HARRISON YOUNG.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the "Home of the Friendless," held on Thursday morning, February 5, 1885, at the residence of Mrs. Saml. Copp, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

**WHEREAS**, Our Heavenly Father, whom our beloved sister, Clara Harrison Young, served with such fidelity, has called her so suddenly from the scene of her earthly labors, which she adorned and guided with marvellous felicity and grace, to enter upon her eternal reward, leaving us a bereaved and grief-stricken company. Be it

*Resolved*, That in accordance with her unselfish example we endeavor to still our emotions while we extend to the immediate house-hold, the disconsolate husband, the aged father, the bereft children and other near relatives, our profound sympathy and prayers; that they may be strengthened to endure this overwhelming blow, and fully realize the guiding hand of Infinite Love, during these days of darkness.

*Resolved*, That while we sit with sorrowing hearts, grieving to think we shall see her no more in the accustomed place, we praise and bless the Giver of all Good, for the

sound counsels, the ardent faith, the sweet charity, which will ever linger in our memories as a precious legacy of our dear departed one; for not only has this board lost one of its brightest ornaments, but we each feel we have lost a dear personal friend, and our aged sisters an affectionate daughter. She has only gone before us—gone to her rest—life's battle fought, the victory won; she is at peace! For “blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.”

*Resolved*, That the board attend the funeral this afternoon, at the First Congregational Church, in a body, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family, and also be put upon record among the minutes of the institution and published in the daily papers.

[Signed]

MARGARET D. HITCHCOCK,  
MARIA J. DAVIS,  
ANNIE S. TIFFANY,  
EMMA B. CHAPMAN.

